

## Moonlight Dance / Canal Boat Wedding / Down the River

### Moonlight Dance

#### AFS 1614 B1

Oh yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, Stars are shinning bright and everything is right? Get your partners swing yes, swing with all your might, While we dance by the light of the moon.

Oh, yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, Aren't you coming out tonight, aren't you coming out tonight? Oh, yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, Gonna dance by the light of the moon?

[They?] dance all night with a hole in the stocking, While the heels kept a knocking, and the boat kept rocking. She stepped so strange that we all tipped a cotton, While we dance by the light of the moon.

The boat sprang a leak, for safety we did seek, But wet became our feet, like squirt guns they did squeak. So we all did our best and beat a retreat, While we dance by the light of the moon.

The fiddle and banjo how we would ring, Yes, we would sing to the strumming of the strings. And to me it was music fit for a king, As we dance by the light of the moon.

Oh, yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, Aren't you coming out tonight, aren't you coming out tonight? Oh, yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, To dance by the light of the moon?

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Oh yes, moonlight dances are the place for fun, For all that care to come and the music sweetly hum. There is something in it that makes us skip and run, As you dance by the light of the moon.

The stars and the moon they would smile often blink, While they laugh with a wink yes, and quietly would think. There is nothing worthwhile without fun as a link, Come and dance by the light of the moon.

Oh, yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, Aren't you coming out tonight, aren't you coming out tonight? Oh, yellow bud gals aren't you coming out tonight, Gonna dance by the light of the moon?

### Canal Boat Wedding

#### AFS 1614 B2

In a deck boat quiet and cozy, Down the level a few miles. There lived a girl that I dearly loved, With beautiful face and smile.

Her cheeks are like the red, red rose, And her eyes have a lovely brown. Her hair is long and beautiful, Love me till when the sun goes down.

And, oh, how I love, Pretty little Mary, my canal boat fairy. Oh, my turtle dove, I'll meet her when the sun goes down.

Her father is a jolly chap, And is glad to see me come. He's a skipper of the old-line type, And of course, I'm right at home.

We have refreshments, eat a bite, And then we're off for a spell. May flowers on the old towpath, The beauty can never be told.

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Oh, my turtle dove, Pretty little Mary is a keeper of a dairy, And the soul, how I love. I'll meet her when the sun goes down.

### **Down the River**

#### **AFS 1614 B3**

I towed into Cleveland about twelve o'clock, And the first man I met was the collector on the dock. He looked at me then at my [pea?], oh boy, he made me shiver. And said "My bully driver, you must go down the river."

Says I, "Now Mr. Fiddle, down the river, I'll not go, For the sail mule is bulky and the ??? he won't tow." Says he, "The tug will take you so now cut out the sass, I'll keep your mules to safety boy, I'll turn them out to grass."

The river gets my nerve and there, there I cannot sleep, The schooners, barges, tugs are careless and on us they creep. They'll squeeze and crush us then we sink, Our all is lost at rivers, we love our boats you know we do, and that is why I shiver.